



WW1 Short Story



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Chapter 1 by Justin Li

It was just after noon, the dark and murky sky stared down upon us. The Germans had just bombarded our position with 419mm, nearly wiping out our right flank and center machine gun nests, we were defenseless from our sides since we focused our front line on the shortest part of No Man's Land. I felt the cold steel of my gun next to the worn out, custom birch wood frame I made for my own Lee Enfield back in England. I heard the whistle from the German Trenches as I dug in to the blood stained trench, then suddenly...

Chapter 2 by intellikat



...the dull thud of another excruciating historical stereotype landing nearby shook me such that my blackened teeth rattled in their gummy British sockets.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Unfazed by my horribly necrotic mouth, for a moment I pictured that special girl I left back home. She was all leg and bush. Every time I saw the black dust of artillery falling down upon us I thought of that raven-colored fuzz patch. Oh how I longed to nuzzle that moist and Welsh fun bucket.

I felt the grasp of a hand on my shoulder and snapped back into the fray.

"How's the trenchfoot?!" shouted Irish Johnny, whose leg was missing from the knee down

from a damped Kraut anti-personnel mine.

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"About as good as one can be after being hit with chlorine gas."

"I hear that," Irish Johnny said, his nostrils and

reloading his Webley-Fosbery Automatic. "Did you hear about Patrick McNally? Got caught out

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on the barbed wire. Shot to death by Steyr-Mannlicher M1901s. But that wasn't enough for those Jerrys. They unloaded on him with Schwarzlose MG M.07/12s and Sturmpistole M18s. Some Fritz tossed a M1917 Stielhandgranate at his corpse, and then some bloody Heini bastard turned a Kleinflammenwerfer flamethrower on what was left. Just for good measure, they launched a volley from 15 cm Luftminenwerfer M 15 M. E. mortar launchers. Blew McNally to smithereens. God, war is hell."

"I hear that brother," I said, pulling a crucifix on a chain from around my neck and kissing it for good measure. "I hear that."

Chapter 4 by myGrundle



Kissing the crucifix was for good measure, but not for my safety nor any religious reason. I kissed it so that Jesus might stop me, should I give in to temptation, and frag Irish Johnny. I'm not a gun scientist, Johnny.

"Hey, ya hear about Bob?", he'll say.

"No", I'll say, feeling the rage pulsing behind my eyes.

"He got melted like strudel glaze by a DorkenFartz mini. Our guys said you could smell his molten eyes downwind and they smelled like a Grolsch. Then they shot his toes with SchnauzerNosens -they popped like caterpillars do...you know, when you step on 'em." The only Grolsch I wanted to smell was my Welch sweetie.

Chapter 5 by jeffyb



Suddenly, mortars peppered the area. We couldn't see anything through the dirt and debris, nor hear anything for that matter.

Then I saw him.

The largest and scariest German I've ever seen emerge from the blackness.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



This Frankfurter of a Kaiser was rippling with Aryan masculinity—his chest heaved and puffed like Vulcan's forge bellows, his ar

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ing in a typhoonic breeze, his nipples hard, his jackboot

he beat, y'all. His helmet gleamed through funnel

hiseled to fine points, I

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could go on describing him, but you get the point. A horror to witness and behold. Sends shivers down me spine to recall him now.

The German stood at the precipice of our trench and unfurled his massive, pale penis as if it were a kielbasa and urinated one mighty stream of Germanic urine down upon us, not knowing we were there. The piss splashed off our helmets and we held our ground. The flow of urine continued unabated for close to an hour, and at this point my nerves and leg muscles were trembling.

I turned to Irish Johnny and gripped my bayonet firmly.

We were one stab away from winning this war.

Chapter 7 by myGrundle



With the sounds of Glory, Glory Hallelujah playing in my head, I squinted through the mist of urine at Johnny. He stood there, the quintessential soldier. And a better soldier than I. For not only was he thinking my same thought, he had skewered pineapple, bell pepper and mushrooms onto his bayonet. We would win, and shish kabob, this war.

Johnny and I both let out a war cry. His sounding like a rebel yell; mine sounding like one whistled across gingival gums and tooth decay.

"Gheeeessssshzzaaaaaa", I cried out. With a mighty thrust, I catheterized the monster German's schnoodle with my bayonet, and Johnny, with the precision of a chef, cut it off at the base.

Chapter 8 by Captain



We ran through the mud our feet getting sucked in. All we could do was keep running to keep from sinking.

"Get in that ditch," I screamed, the machine gun nest was narrowing in and we had to find cover. He ran and threw himself at the bank and I did the same just in time.

Bamm, a motor shell exploded 15 feet away.

"Johnny we got to get out of here," I yelled to him.

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miracle I didn't get hit. Bullets sprang around my feet and motor shots sent shots of water 10 feet into the air.

I grabbed a grenade from my pouch, pulled the pinned and threw. I immediately followed it up with a second one. The bunker exploded and an arm flew and landed ten feet away from me. I didn't care. My smile rang through the air and I finished the Germans running away from the bunker. I could smell death, The machine gun was still steaming blistering a dead man's hand. Through the dark haze I saw an officer come running and a soldier's voice yelled at him, "There's a whole Battalion."

I smiled to myself, they thought I was a whole battalion.

I grabbed some sandbags and started turning the bunker around first moving the machine gun. Then giving it fortifications.

10 minutes later I received ten more men from my company.

30 minutes later I received 700 Germans running at me.

the end

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